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Am P.



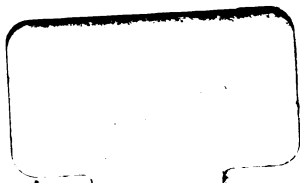
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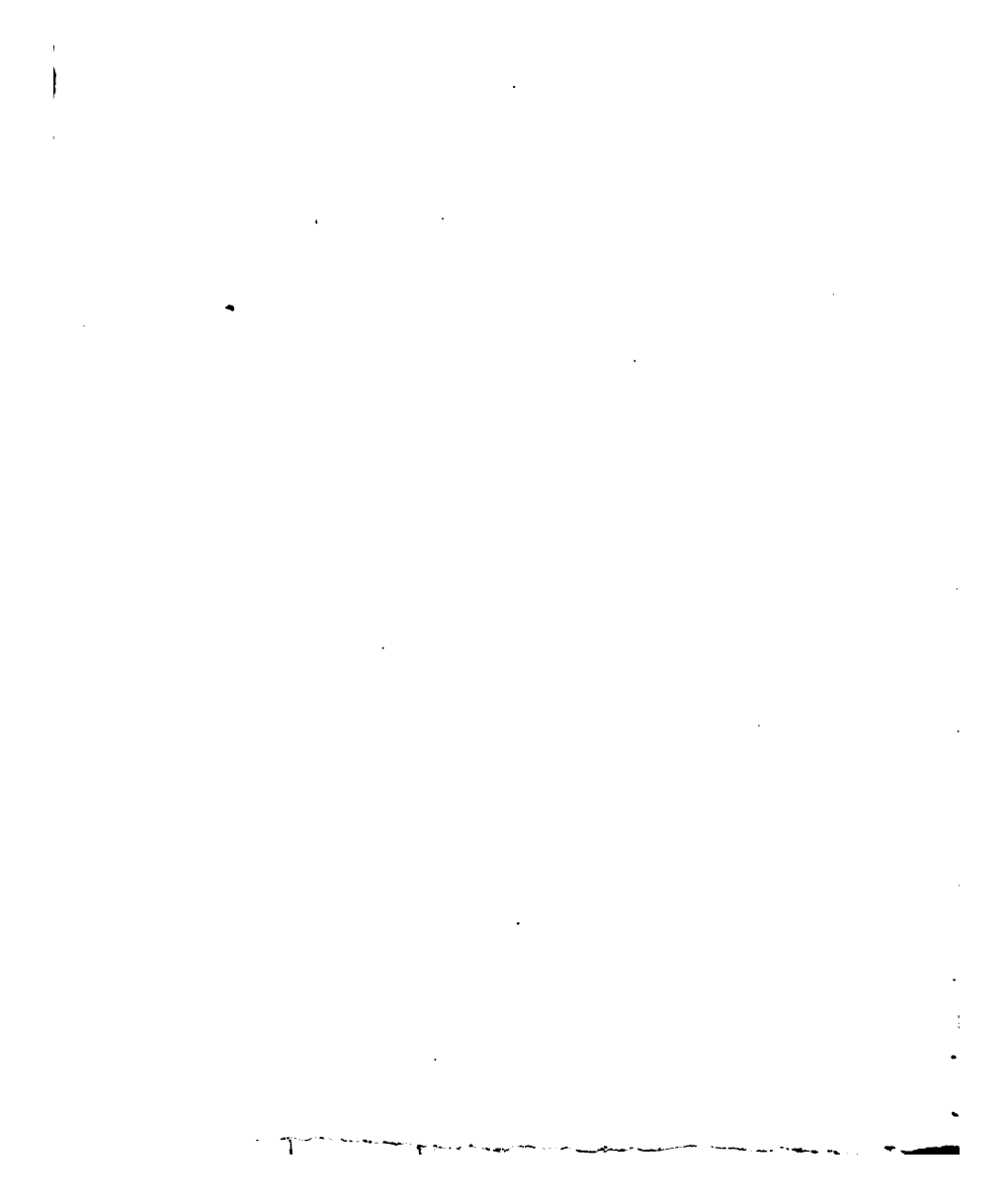
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SELECTIONS FROM THE
WRITINGS OF THE

PRESIDENTS OF SOROSIS
"

**A SOUVENIR OF THE BREAKFAST
AT SHERRY'S, MARCH 20, 1893, IN
HONOR OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLUB * ***



NEW-YORK, 1893

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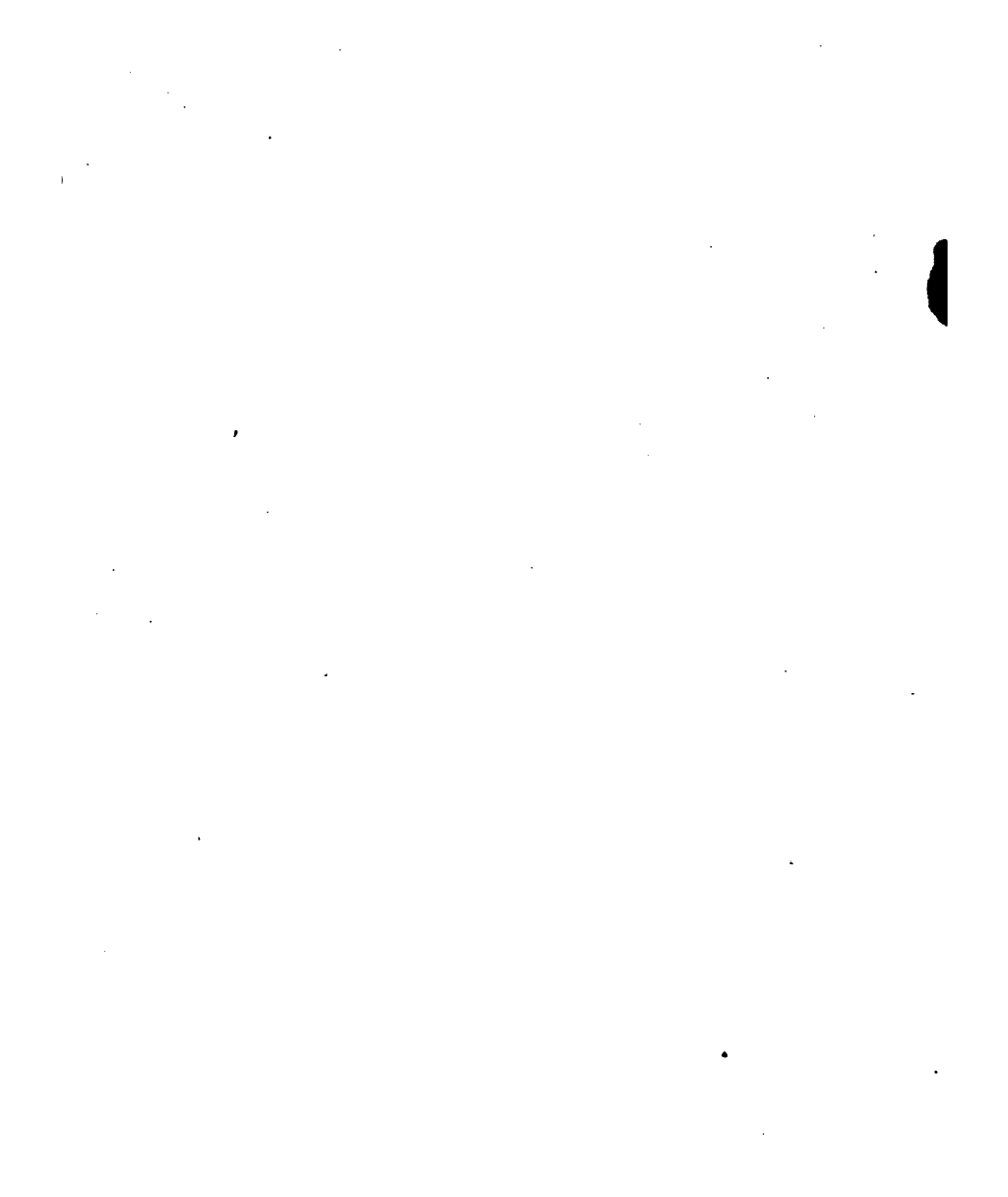
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**"The Sure Witness" and "We are the
Mariners" are republished by kind per-
mission of Houghton, Mifflin & Company.**

PRESIDENTS.

ALICE CARY	1868
JENNIE C. CROLY	1869
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR	1870-1875
JENNIE C. CROLY	1875-1886
M. LOUISE THOMAS	1886-1889
ELLA DIETZ CLYMER	1889-1891
JENNIE DE LA M. LOZIER	1891-1893







THE SURE WITNESS.

THE solemn wood had spread
Shadows around my head,—
“Curtains they are,” I said,
“Hung dim and still about the house of prayer.”
Softly among the limbs,
Turning the leaves of hymns,
I heard the winds, and asked if God were there.
No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With ruddy, open hand,
I saw the wild rose stand
Beside the green gate of the summer hills,
And pulling at her dress,
I cried, “Sweet hermitess,
Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distils?”

No voice replied, but while I listening bent,
Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone,—
“She walketh Heaven alone,
And seeth all things,” to myself I mused;
“Hast thou beheld Him, then;
Who hides Himself from men
In that great power through nature interfused?”
No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,
But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Waking one time, strange awe
Thrilling my soul, I saw
A kingly splendor round about the night.
Such cunning work the hand
Of spinner never planned;
The finest wool may not be washed so white.
“Hast thou come out of Heaven?” I asked;
and lo!
The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, "Give o'er;
Question no more, no more!
The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit flower,
The illuminated air,
The pleasure after prayer,
Proclaim the unoriginated Power!
The mystery that hides Him here and there,
Bears the sure witness He is everywhere."

We are the mariners, and God the sea,
And though we make false reckonings, and run
Wide of a righteous course, and are undone,
Out of his deeps of love we cannot be.

For by those heavy strokes we misname ill,
Through the fierce fire of sin, through temper-
ing doubt,
Our natures more and more are beaten out
To perfecter reflections of His will!

WAITING.

I 'm waiting under the apple-tree, dear,
Each moment a weary while,
And the beetle has crept from his furrow near
To sun himself in your smile.

Now comes the moon, and the flaunting pride
Of the twilight fades to gray
The while she shoulders the clouds aside
To light your steps this way.

Such mortal meanings my love begets
In things which else were dumb,
I think that the very violets
Are looking the way you 'll come!

That the dandelions from the beds
Wherein they softly lie
Are lifting their yellow and curly heads
Whenever a step goes by.

The owl, as I listen, seems to drown
In his muffled coat his cries,
And the hollyhock folds her red skirt down
To please my jealous eyes.

I know, my love, you are coming now,
For the beetle is creeping higher,
And every blossom of every bough
Is red in the face as fire.

WORLDLY WISE.

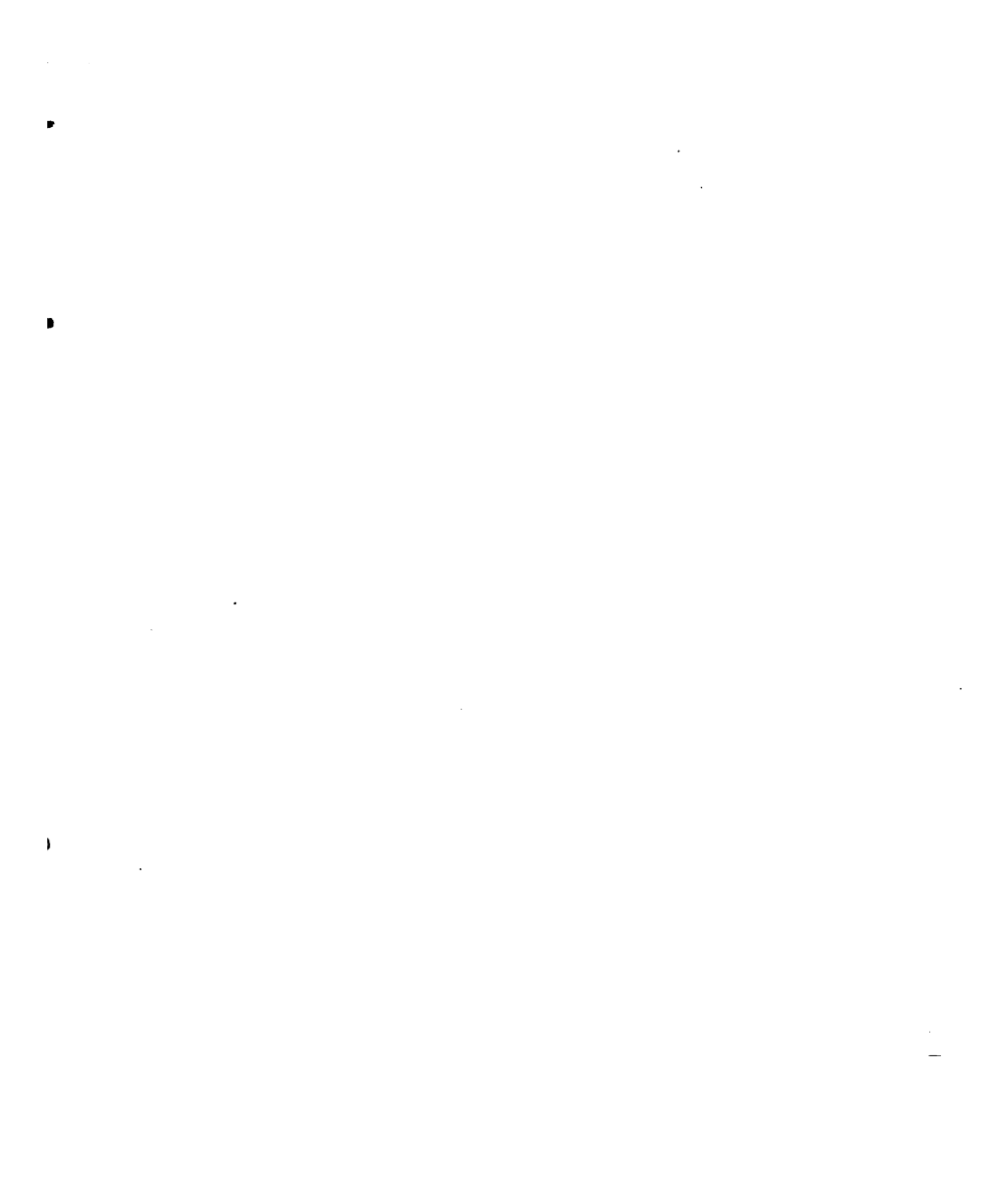
It was the boatman Ronsalee,
And he sailed through the mists so white,
And two little ladies sat at his knee,
With their two little heads so bright;
And so they sailed and sailed—all three—
On the golden coast o' the night.

Young Ronsalee had a handsome face,
And his great beard made him brown;
And the two little ladies in girlish grace
They kept their eyelids down —
The one in her silken veil of lace,
And the one in her woolsey gown.

For one little lady lived in the wood,
Like a flower that hides from the day;
Her name was Jenny — they called her the good —
And the name of the other was May;
And her palace window looked on the flood
Where they softly sailed away.

Longtime the balance even stood
With our Ronsalee that day;
But what was a little house in the wood
To a palace grand and gay?
So he gave his heart to Jenny the good,
And his hand he gave to May.

Alice Cary





THE DAYS THAT ARE.

WE live in an age of discontent. Discontent has been deified. It has been called divine, and unrest, the seal as well as the sign of progress. Doubtless there is a time and place even for discontent; for there is no faculty that has not its function. But discontent, which is a sacred fire when it burns within and is kept for home use, is a mischievous and destroying element when it is widely distributed and unthinkingly employed by ignorance and shortsightedness.

Then, it is certain that if discontent is good, content is far better, and thankfulness better yet. If time teaches us anything, it is to work, and wait, and trust; to be thankful for what is, for the digging and seeding time, as well

as the harvest, for one must come before the other.

Time brings only one regret, that we had not more joy in the things that were; more belief, more patience, more love, more knowledge of the way things work out; more willingness to help toward the final result. The preparation, the planting, the laying foundations, must be done in the dark, usually done with blind eyes as well, that see not what may or will be, but anticipate a harvest of pain from a springtime of rain. Yet these showers may have been indispensable to the ground, and the seed may have expanded and sent its shoots up to the surface in consequence of them.

But why use symbols? The days that are—the days that are with us, are the good days. Suppose it is hard work, and only the prospect of hard work. Work is the best thing we have got; it is salvation. It is the means by which we struggle up out of the darkness into the

light. It is the law of life. It is the ministry of all that is good in the world, and the better it is, the better for us—the better for every one. It is only those who do not know how to work that do not love it; to those who do, it is better than play—it is religion.

But this is the mere influence of work itself. Suppose, beside your work, you have the blessing of family to be cared for, and your work provides for them? This consecrates every part of it. It makes every movement of the hand a benediction, every heart-throb an unuttered prayer. Are not these days so full of labor best days? For about you are those you love. They are under the roof you provide; their voices furnish the music, their presence the sunshine of your life. Sometime that which your discontent craves will come to you,—the freedom from toil, the absence of “troubles” that now loom up so large to you; but with your troubles your joys will have

vanished, and you will sit in the twilight waiting for the end, and wishing that you had cultivated the sweetness instead of the bitterness of the beginning; that you had not allowed the thorns to cover up your roses.

Wisdom always seems to have been the same, but each one has to learn its lessons for himself. That is the reason why there is so little apparent progress in essential truths. There are always those who have grown into their realization, there are always those who are at the threshold, and who must travel over the same paths, for we can none of us acquire true wisdom for another; it must become a part of ourselves, of our own mortal and spiritual consciousness.

* * * * *

All the wisdom of the days that have been, and the days that are, will be found in the following lines from Goethe's "Tasso":

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?
Then fret not over what is past and gone;
And spite of all thou mayest have left behind,
Yet act as if thy life were just begun.
What each day wills enough for thee to know,
What each day wills the day itself will tell.
Do thine own task, and be therewith content;
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge,
Be sure that thou no brother mortal hate;
Then all beside leave to the Master Power.

J.C. Orah Jenny June





EXTRACT FROM
"THE DIVINITY OF TRUTH."

He who obeys the law stands tempest-proof. The truth that makes him free makes him strong, for it gives him a certain equipoise from which to hurl forth his strength and make it available.

He can fling out his arms in a vigorous struggle without imperiling his standing, and deal great battle-strokes without losing his center. He can stoop to draw up the fallen from the pit of error, or loss, or from the degradation to which others have trodden them, and set them on the high levels of virtue and honor, nor finds his own brain spinning with a vertigo at the performance. If you find

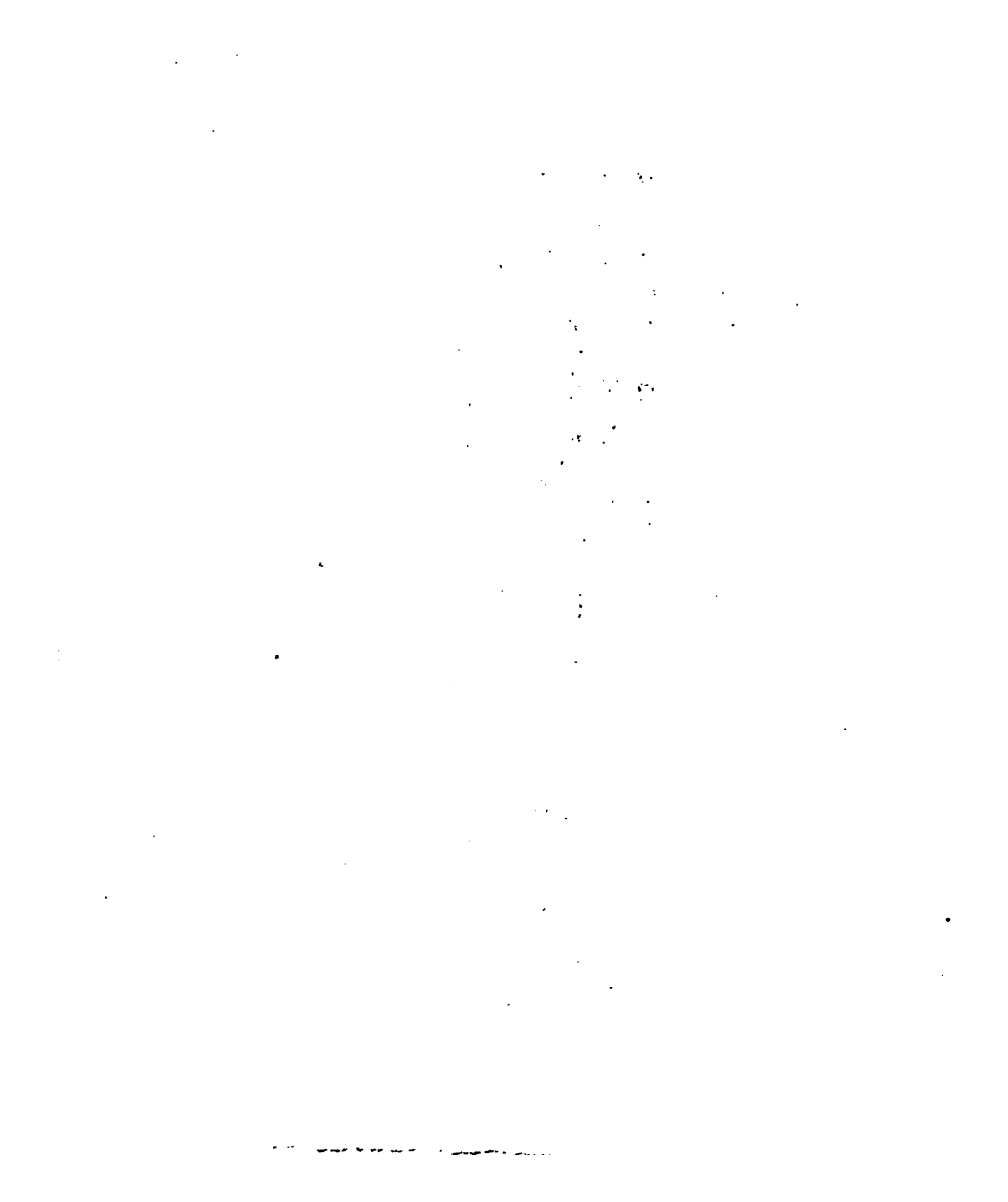
him with publicans and sinners, you will not count him as one of them, but know that his great nature has work there, and is not deterred by fear of contagion from fulfilling his utmost duty to the erring and the sinful.

There is nothing in nature that is not more upright for his integrity. The very knave who would rob him for his apparent simplicity, still respects him for his incorruptible honesty, and when an hour comes, as come it may, that social ruin and social disaster are ready to crush the commonwealth and overwhelm society for the lack of one true man at the head of a sinking state, the craven, false, and evil men themselves will crown him with their suffrages, and set him in the "imminent deadly breach" to lift up a standard against the common enemy. One true man, in a wilderness of false and hollow man-shapes jabbering and clamoring all around him, would be like the voice of God in chaos, a forming, compell-

ing power, sovereign of all that subdued confusion, reducing all to the law of his integrity.

The one fixed thing in a tumultuous world, he would become the calm center of its unharnessed forces, the vital nucleus of a new creation, the conquering genius of a renovated world.

Charlotte B Wilhoue





Mrs. A. C. Graves, Sculptor

Faithfully Yours
M. Louise Thomas.





SONNETS.

READ AT THE SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF SOROSIS.

I.

Put up the harp—I have no song to sing,
I cannot tune my thoughts to metred phrase,
I cannot, laureate-like, command my praise
To strew with flowers the pathway of a king,
E'en though he come victorious, conquering
By right divine,—in dark or doubtful days
My voice perhaps might chant prophetic lays,
Like birds in winter guessing at the spring.
But now, when hands and tongues with high
acclaim
Cheer and extol, I fain would silence keep,

And in my heart alone revere our name
With love profound, with faith as strong and
deep
As that by which we fought and overcame,
Sowing in tears what now in joy we reap.

II.

Yes, in my inmost soul doth silence reign,
But other hearts demand a voice from mine.
Could I translate their melodies divine,
Or catch the rhythmic flow of that grand strain
Which sweeps with mighty rush o'er hill and
plain,
And breathes its music to the mountain pine,
Then would I strike the harp I now resign,
Until vibrating earth should ring again.
And yet, because these hearts have chosen me
Out of pure love, and not for my poor skill,

I would this prayer of theirs might answered be.
Come, heavenly Muse, and lend thy gracious
will,—
The dumb must speak if thou dost so decree,
And by thy aid I may these prayers fulfil.

III.

Thrice hath sweet June laid roses at our feet,
And thrice again, and lo! the winter snows
Are melting, soon will tender eyes uncloset
Of windflower, snowdrop, and wild violets
sweet,
And each will lend its fragrant breath to greet
Our seventh year—our Sabbath of repose.
Past is the pain of toil's creative throes,
And our fair work now stands crowned and
complete.
Come, let us dwell within this garden blest,
Where earth's rude discords may not penetrate;

No sad inscription bars one from this quest,
Who enters here will *find hope* at the gate,
And love and faith within, new life, new zest,
To conquer ills and claim a loftier fate.

IV.

Dear hearts, true hearts, whose pulses throb in
time

To the world's chorus, as it lifts and swells
Above all petty passion, till it dwells
In the pure atmosphere of faith sublime,
Where misery and death, despair and crime
Seem but the scaffolding, whose fall foretells
The perfect growth within, where funeral
knells

Sound like the music to a life's new rhyme —
The while our sympathies strike broad and
deep,
As broad and deep as every human need,

Rejoice with joy, and weep with those who
weep,
At others' anguish our hearts, too, must
bleed,
But one hand on Hope's anchor fast we 'll keep,
The other shall some weary wanderer lead.

A SONG'S EXCUSE.

BECAUSE the nightingale hath sung,
Shall other birds be mute?
Because a bard his harp hath strung,
Shall I not touch my lute?
Shall all sweet flowers be torn from bowers
Because they bear no fruit?

Methinks the summer were but sad
Without a single rose;
And even winter seemeth glad
When the soft south wind blows,

And round our home the shy birds come
And flit above the snows.

The pale, sweet blossoms of the spring
Are prophets, if no more,
Or infant heralds ushering in
The summer's brilliant store;
When windflower blows, the violet knows
That winter's reign is o'er.

I sometimes think the simple strain
I learned in solitudes,
Rhymed to the music of my pain,
A grander lay includes,
And that some ear perchance may hear
The song which me eludes.

Edna St. Vincent

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GROWING OLD.

How shall we regard the period of old age toward which we are all hastening? Shall we live in mortal dread of its shadows, its infirmities, and its loneliness, or shall we prepare for its approach in such a way as to neutralize its severity and defer as long as possible its weakness and its isolation? How can we lengthen our active usefulness?

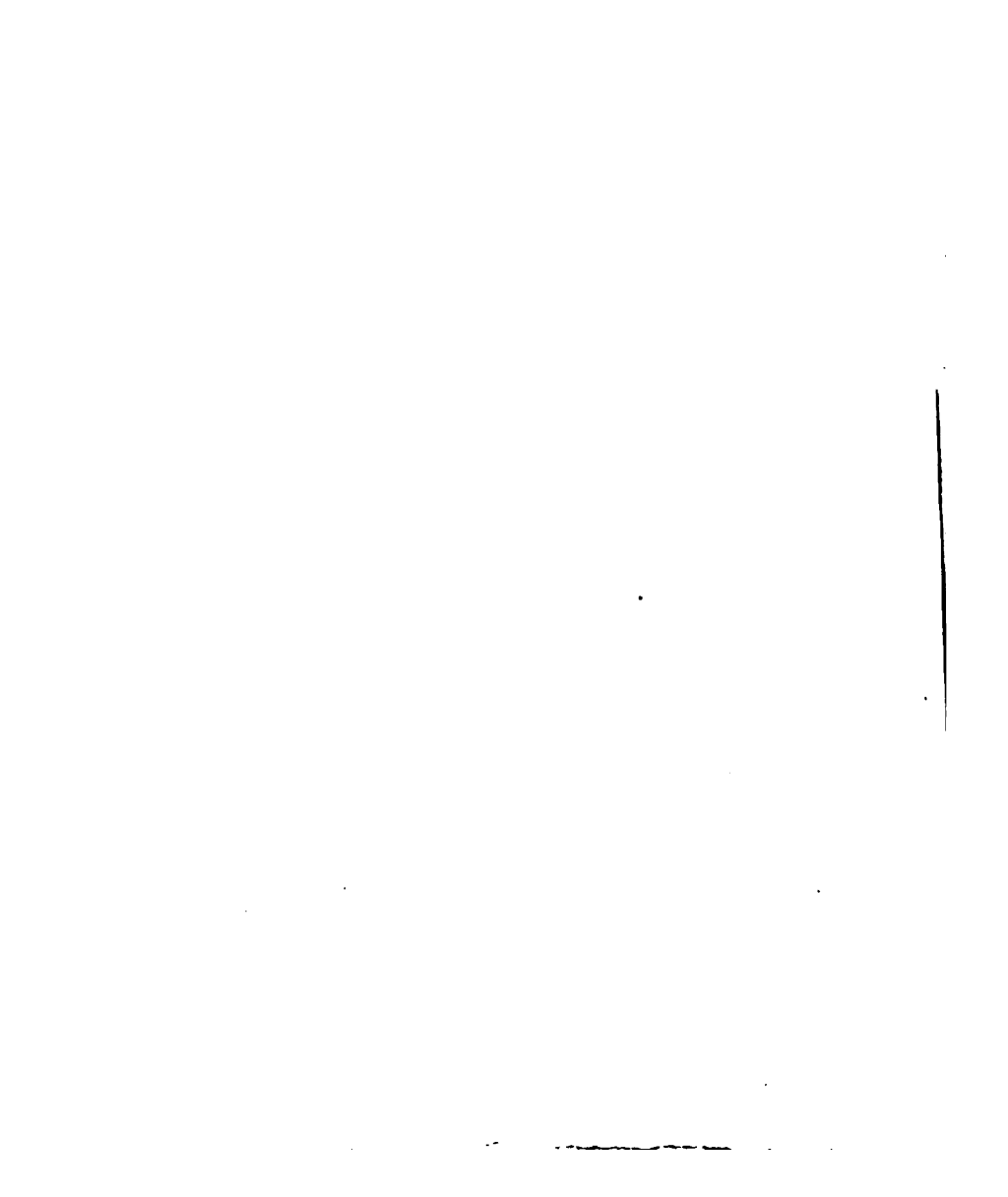
By not living too fast nor taxing our energies too heavily. We should conserve our powers by an even and gradual development in consonance with Nature's evident aim. Our long infancy should insure us a correspondingly long decadence. Our usefulness is also dependent upon our unflagging interest in present affairs and a quick sympathy with the spirit of the

age. One symptom of old age is aversion to change. But change is the manifestation of life. Fixity is the first stage of death. If we do not change with changing times, we are breakwaters to the tide of progress, and clogs on the wheels of affairs. If we cling to old-fashioned ways just because they are old, and make fetiches of our own fancies, we may find ourselves in that unenviable class whose funerals will be deemed an indispensable preliminary to desirable improvement in the condition of things around us. Neither should we cling to certain positions we have hitherto filled acceptably, but should be willing to step aside gracefully and give others an opportunity for fair play. It is an indication of brain-softening to feel that "nobody can do our work but ourselves." The form of usefulness should change, but its reality should only cease with life. The world needs the wise old Nestor to advise quite as much as the valiant Hector to fight.

Madame Swetchine declares with bitterness: "The poor old woman is a being who has positively no place beneath the sun, and should obliterate herself." But Madame Swetchine lived in Paris in the last century, when woman's value lay only in beauty and fascination. When these were lost, all was lost. But if women can be placed by the side of men in education, in privilege, and in power, then, when she declines in years, she will discover that she has positively just as good a "place beneath the sun" as the "lean and slippered pantaloons."

Jennie de la M. Lozier





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